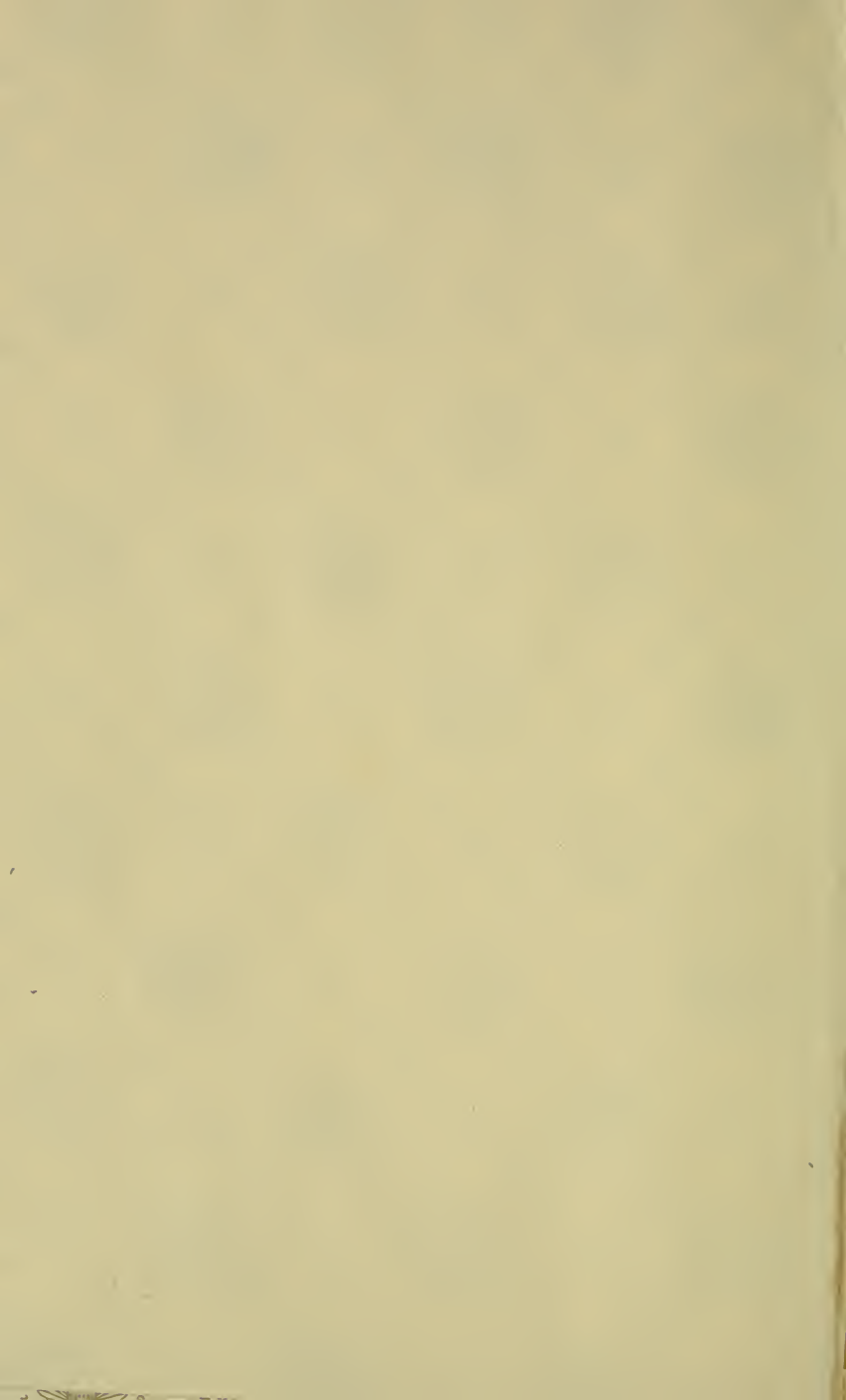


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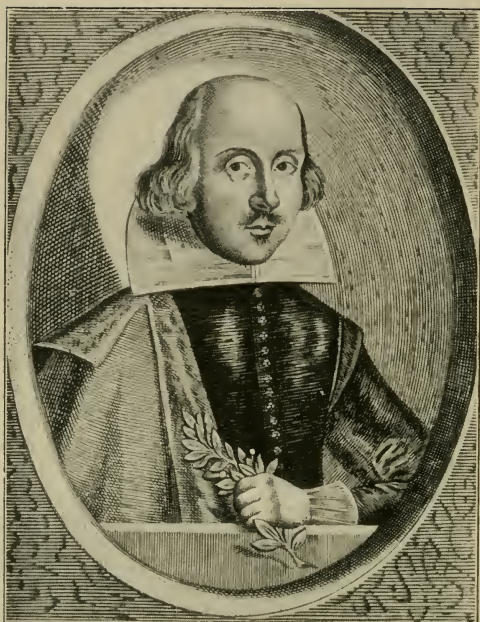




BIBLE SIDELIGHTS
FROM
SHAKSPEARE

Copyright 1913
By William Burgess





This Shadow is renowned Shakespear's: Soule of th' age
 The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.
 Nature her selfe, was proud of his designs
 And jey'd to weare the dressing of his lines,
 The learned will Confesse, his works are such,
 As neither man, nor Muse, can prayse to much.
 For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
 Thy like, no age, shall ever paralell.

W. Sh. sculpsit.

From the Edition of his Poems 1616.

BIBLE SIDELIGHTS *from* SHAKSPEARE

Twenty Lay Homilies from
Parallel Texts of THE BIBLE
and of SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS



By WILLIAM BURGESS

Author of

"The Bible in Shakspeare" "The Religion of Ruskin," etc.

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To My Daughter
MRS. EMMA F. BYERS
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

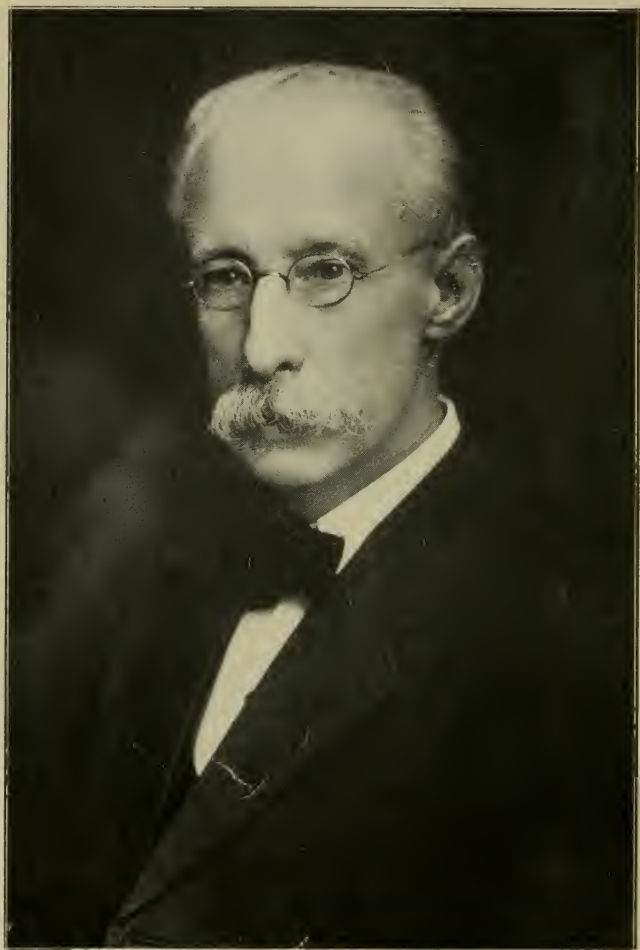
who has consecrated
her life to service in
the Young Women's
Christian Association

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Wm Burgess

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P r e f a c e

THE manifest value of the great thoughts of our poets as side-lights to the central truths of the Bible is the author's apology (if any such be needed) for coupling texts from Scripture with passages from Shakspeare.

In the twenty little homilies contained in these pages there is no attempt to offer any system of theological thought. They are suggestions only, which may lead some readers to deeper research for the infinite truth. They serve, also, to show that the greatest of the world's dramatists drew "living water" from exhaustless wells and that he gathered his most precious pearls from the deepest depths.

I.

THE PRICE OF LIFE

"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."—
Luke 9:24.

"You have too much respect upon the world,
They lose it that do buy it with much care."
—Merchant of Venice, 1:1.

This is one of many Scripture paradoxes. Startling as it sounds, it is true that he whose chief thought is to save himself loses himself.

In "The Merchant of Venice" Shakespeare shows us a man whose fortune involves the care that kills. "They lose it that do buy it with much care."

The soldier who is bent on saving himself is lost. As a soldier, he is a dead failure, which is equivalent to saying that he loses his life. Only he who gives life, when the call comes, is a soldier.

Once, at least, the American Nation gave itself to save itself. And the Nation was saved. Its roots struck down deeper and it stood erect like a great oak amidst sacrifice

THE PRICE OF LIFE

and suffering. To save the Union the Nation dared to die, and with the union came freedom.

Other issues press upon us. If Capital is bent on saving itself without regard to Labor, it must lose itself. Capital is the child of Labor, and the child cannot live without the nourishment which only Labor can give. If, on the other hand, Labor refuses to give itself, not even Union can save it. A persistent strike which, in effect, locks up the supplies of nature, destroys the very life of Labor.

The only thing that can redeem the world is sacrifice. Society is saved by men and women who suffer loss and life. There has never been reform or progress that was not the price of life. Life—for the more abundant life.

The way to greatness is not traveled on stilts. Sacrifice is seed sowing. Just as the golden grain never bends before the autumn breeze until long after the seed has been sown, so he who would gather sheaves must first deposit his seed.

II.

THE PRICE OF PEACE

"Blessed are the peacemakers."—Matt. 5:9.

"Blessed are the peacemakers on earth."—

II. Henry 6, 2:1.

The text is the same in the Bible, and in Shakspeare. The truth expressed in this dual text is the same in all places, in all ages.

No higher benediction can be given to any man than the blessedness of a peacemaker. He who brings harmony from discord, or peace from conflict is a world's benefactor.

The world is big enough, and rich enough for all. All there is of mountain and mine, of plain and prairie, of river and rill, of forest and field, is God's gift to man—*free* and *untaxed*. Limitations, divisions, competitions, and taxes are human devices. If all men were honest there would be a common interest in all. All the world would be at peace.

But the exercise of the royal law is not everywhere observed. There are grabbers, grafters, and thieves everywhere. Might

THE PRICE OF PEACE

often rules instead of right. Hence discontent and war and the need for the peacemaker. There can be no peace without a price! Shakspeare makes one say in *Much Ado*:

"If he fear God he must necessarily keep the peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter a quarrel with a Christian-like fear."

War and peace are as opposite as the poles, yet force is sometimes necessary to peace.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace but a sword." * * "Blessed are the peacemakers;" "Peace I give unto you."

"The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords in just and charitable war."

Abraham Lincoln was a peacemaker and yet he, more than any other one man, was responsible for the war; the most costly, perhaps, in history. The price paid, in treasure and blood, is beyond compute, but the gain is immeasurable and unending. It has given us a United and Free Nation, and all the world is gainer.

The cost of peace does not appraise its value. Its price, like that of liberty, is "eternal vigilance."

THE PRICE OF PEACE

There can be no peace without honor. Politics must be purged and cities must be wrested from the control of thieves in office:

“Thieves for their robbery have authority
When Judges steal themselves.”

The Peacemaker has not an easy task. He who would bring peace to man, or home, or nation, must be prepared for martyrdom. Intercession means sacrifice.

In common life there is need of the Peacemaker. He who redeems a brother,—who adjusts a family grievance, or brings sunshine to a single soul is a contributor to the world's peace. *Blessed Is He!*



III.

THE PRICE OF PARDON

"Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."—Luke 6:37.

"If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you your trespasses."
—Matthew 6:14.

"I as free forgive you as I would be forgiven."
—Henry 8, 2:1.

"I pardon him as God shall pardon me."—Richard 2, 5:3.

Shakspeare saw that forgiveness is fundamental. "A Christian spirit" and "a forgiving spirit" are synonymous terms. When this spirit prevails in the administration of law and in the adjustment of the common affairs of society, the world will be nearer heaven by several marches.

In giving the silver candlesticks to Jean Valjean, the good Bishop Bienvenu said: "Forget not, never forget that you have promised to use this silver to become an honest man."* This injunction would have been worthless without the forgiveness which attended it.

*Les Miserables.



Shakespeare's House, Stratford on Avon

THE PRICE OF PARDON

"Try what forgiveness will do," was the advice given to a commanding officer who was in despair over an incorrigible soldier. When the offender was called in, instead of the court-martial sentence he looked for, he was broken down by words of pardon, and from that hour he became a new man and a good soldier.

If, in social life, men forgave as they would be forgiven, how much of enmity would the world be saved. In polite society we accept apologies, but we rarely forgive. Rashly we vow, "I'll never speak to him again," and stubbornly we keep the wicked vow. Thus we often discredit and disinherit ourselves from the choicest things of life.

He was one of Moretown's best citizens who, for forty years, conducted the choir of its most prominent church. Some one said "He ought to make way for a younger man," and the veteran leader angrily vowed "he would never go into the church again." For ten years he walked up and down, an upright but an unforgiving man. He died worth half a million of money, but bankrupt in spirit. How much better he, who believing himself offended by a brother church-officer, after carrying the grudge already too long, went to the brother and said, "He is a fool who never forgives" and, when they shook

THE PRICE OF PARDON

hands, two men were made happy, and society, the church, and themselves, were all gainers.

Forgiveness implies an offense, a debt, a wrong done. But not infrequently it is the unforgiving man who does the wrong. Dryden said: "They never pardon who have done the wrong." And Herbert said: "The offender never pardons." But this is not Christian; it is Pagan. To forgive is Divine.

Forgiveness is a cure for envy and revenge. Shakspeare gives us a pathetic illustration. In the play of Henry VIII, the unpleasant task of conducting Buckingham to execution is allotted to Sir Thomas Lowell, who says:—

"I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly."

To which Buckingham answers:—

"I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven; I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offenses
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with;
No black envy shall make my grave."

Forgiveness is a sign-manual of human greatness.*

*See reference to President McKinley, page 40.

THE PRICE OF PARDON

Professor Huxley must have been suffering a fit of the blues when he said: "I protest that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer."

What a miserable bargain that would be! Worse than Esau's sale of his birthright. To become a machine instead of a free moral agent; to barter my power of choice for a clock-spring that cannot reason with God or man! No! no! Let us not be deprived of the power to earn a title-deed to the forgiveness of God and man.



IV.

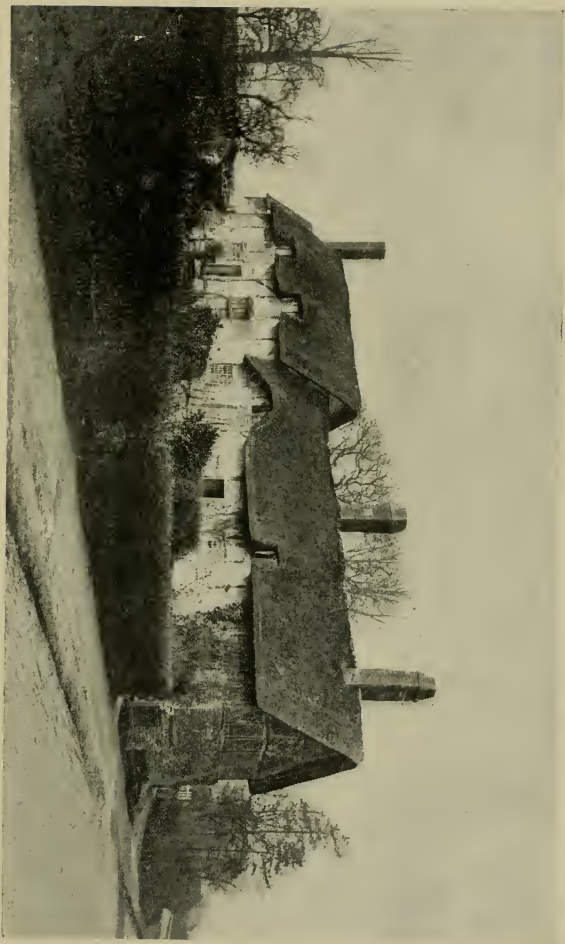
THE PRICE OF PENITENCE

"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."—Isaiah 1:18.

"What if this curs'd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow?"—Hamlet 3:3.

Shakspeare is true to the scriptural doctrine of repentance as he is to its law of judgment. Forgiveness cannot be appropriated without penitence. Isaiah announces no unconditional pardon. The scarlet sin may be washed away, but it is preceded by the appeal: "Wash you, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings; cease to do evil, learn to do well."

The Poet employs the Prophet's figure. The conscience of the King preaches repentance and restitution, as conditions of forgiveness and peace. Claudius is king by the sacrifice of "brother's blood." He has an inward conflict which leads him to consider repentance. He tries to strike a balance in his own favor by proposing to do right in the future, and yet retain the gains of his sins.



The Ann Hathaway Cottage

THE PRICE OF PENITENCE

"But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn?

Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen."

This is the whole problem of repentance:
How can Claudius find forgiveness while he
retains the throne and lives, as the husband
of the murdered brother's wife? He knows
that he must yield these and surrender him-
self as a murderer. But that means death.
The price is greater than he has the courage
to pay. Yet, perhaps! Might he not com-
promise by some pious act? Can he not
pray the offense away?—

"What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow?"

But he rises from his prayerless prayer,
conscious that no word of it is heard in
heaven.

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven go!"

Although he has cheated justice, he can-
not defeat the judgments of heaven.

THE PRICE OF PENITENCE

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
Buys out the law: * * * *

But 'tis not so above.

There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence."—Hamlet, 3:3.

To be forgiven a sin is greater than to be pardoned a crime; he who would know such forgiveness must seek it and must forsake the sin and renounce all its gains.

The price of penitence is that "the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts." If hands or heart engage in any compliances with sin, there are no waters, in all this world of many waters, that can wash you clean.

"Hear the word of the Lord: to what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices? When ye make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil. Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."



Lady Macbeth:

"What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!

Doctor:

"Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician,
God, God, forgive us all."—Macbeth 5:1.

V.

THE PRICE OF GUILT

"Pilate took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person."—Matthew 27:24.

"With Pilate wash your hands
Shewing an outward pity: Yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my sour cross;
And water cannot wash away your sins."

—Richard II. 4:1.

"How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder."—Richard III. 1:4.

But did Pilate's washing before the multitude free him of the guilt of blood? Did the mock sympathy of conspirators make them loyal to King Richard? Did the sham regrets of Clarence's murderer prove him less guilty?

Back of Pilate's public act stands the dreadful deed of official consent to the death of Jesus. It was an act of criminal weakness, not of intent. Pilate could "find no fault in Him" and would have set Him free but that he feared the Jews. The tenure of

THE PRICE OF GUILT

his office was insecure and, like many a modern politician, he could not stand an "appeal to Caesar." Judgment is perverted by the weakness of the judge and the effect is the same as if he were criminally unjust. To judge righteously demands courage, and righteousness is the soul of justice. Expediency and fear have no place on the judgment seat.

Joseph Parker said: "Pilate had not learned the majesty of the word 'ought.'" He was destitute of strong conviction and was consequently weak in the presence of a determined effort.

To do evil and then apologize for it is not innocence; nor is it justification. No one can escape responsibility by washing the hands, or deploring evil.

Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep with troubled conscience. Her oft-repeated sophistries are rehearsed in her dreams. She imagines herself talking to her husband:

"Wash your hands; look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out the grave!"

But the spirit of the murdered Banquo will not "down" before the guilty consciences of the King and Queen.

VI.

THE PRICE OF PRODIGALITY

"Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living," etc.—Luke 15:11-32.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"—Isaiah 55:2.

"The story of the prodigal."—II. Henry 4:2,1. Merry Wives 4:5.

"I have received my proportion like the prodigious son."—Two Gentlemen. 2:3.

"Tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping."—I. Henry 4, 4:2.

"Shall I keep hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent that I should stand to such penury."—As You Like It. 1:1.

"The story of the prodigal," as Shakspeare twice calls it, is a moving picture—a kaleidoscope of the home-circle; portraying, in graphic lines, scenes of pleasure and pain, plenty and poverty, feasting and famine, "home sweet home."

THE PRICE OF PRODIGALITY

It is not singular that Shakspeare made frequent reference to this all-time story, for, of all the parables of Jesus, this is the most realistic. It is an all-world picture, true to life in all ages. It is the model of literary excellence and condensation. In less than five hundred words, the greatest dramatic story of family life is told. As one reads it, the various scenes open to our view, answering human experience and setting forth the divinity of love, in seeking the lost, and restoring them to the inheritance and wealth of sonship.

In these scenes, therefore, we have a suggestion of the many pictorial representations of this divinely-human and humanly-divine drama.

Scene 1. The home of luxury, replete with rich furnishings, under the care of "many hired servants." The master of the house, in serious conference with his younger son—a young man, handsome, hopeful, winning in his ways, and confident of success as he pleads with his generous, but too-indulgent, father.

Scene 2. The family coach is at the door of the home mansion. Imagination pictures mother and sister in tears; in the background the elder brother, training the vines. The father, who is in the foreground, turns away

THE PRICE OF PRODIGALITY

and brushes back a tear, as the self-conscious, younger son springs into the carriage and gaily bids them adieu.

Scene 3. Ball-room in a foreign city. Everything denotes prodigality; the gilded furnishings, the costly paintings of bacchanalian and voluptuous subjects, the gorgeous candelabra and the showily dressed attendants. It is a scene of revelry and riotous pleasure. Gaily dressed men and women are paying special homage to a young man, distinguished among them by his foreign features and manners. He is the younger of the two sons.

Scene 4. From the roof of the home-mansion the patriarchal father, growing gray and sad, is bending his look towards the eastern horizon. Everything around him is peaceful and prosperous, but he sees—not his estates with their abundance, nor his cattle and fields of waving corn; he is looking out towards the deserted highway, his heart searches for one who was—but is not.

Scene 5. A young Hebrew of delicate form and face, with hands unused to rough tasks. He is painfully busy at the swine-herd of a hog-merchant and he shrinks with disgust from the "unclean" things. But these are famine-times, and not a husk may be wasted, or stolen. We pity him as we

THE PRICE OF PRODIGALITY

observe his hungry, famished features, and we can hear him in his soliloquy:

"How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare and I perish with hunger."

And see! Another expression is on his face; with a smile of hope, he says:

"I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants."

Scene 6. The home-mansion lies a short distance in the prospective. Two figures on the road are in strange contrast. The patriarchal owner of the estates has fallen upon the face and form of a ragged, unkept, half-starved tramp. It is the prodigal son, come back to fatherland and home. As the old man kisses the unwashed cheeks of the wanderer, one thinks of the words of the Psalmist, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Such boundless pity! Not the pity of cold charity, or of contempt, but the pity of sympathy and the welcome of love and restoration: "For this my son was dead and is alive again."

Scene 7. It is a festive night at the home-

THE PRICE OF PRODIGALITY

mansion. Every window in the house is lighted; music comes from open windows and doors. In the prime of young manhood, self-conscious and proud, stands the elder son, in controversy with his father. Hear him, as he cries:

"Lo! these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid that I might make merry with my friends; but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

For a moment we are in accord with this protest. But the language is harsh, critical, severe. It ignores responsibility. The elder son does not say, "as soon as this *my brother* was come, but "thy son."

* * * * *

"He wasted his substance, and he began to be in want."

Waste and want are related as cause and effect. Any man can waste without effort; it is easy as a toboggan slide, the descent is rapid and sensational—and there is no profit in it.

The youth who has not learned to earn is master in the art of spending; it comes naturally to one who has nothing but money.

THE PRICE OF PRODIGALITY

How soon he spends all he has. And there follows a famine. It is always so, logically and inevitably so. Men who do nothing but spend are always bringing famine. He who consumes and does not produce is a famine-maker.

But the price of prodigal waste is more than want and famine. It includes also the loss of fatherhood, mother-love, sister-tenderness, brother's respect, home and heritage.

* * * * *

"He went and joined himself to a citizen."

It was nothing to this citizen that he was the son of a rich man, a Hebrew, a descendant of Abraham and Moses. The young man was a mere tramp, an untrained youth, without money, without friends, and he was starving. What a price to pay for a season of license!

But what boundless love redeems a repentant prodigal! The grandest thing in the economy of the Kingdom of God is the provision for repentance and its consequent forgiveness. The penitent soul will be glad to come back as a servant, but the Father will meet him and restore him as a son. *This is the wonder of love.*

THE PRICE OF PRODIGALITY

How suddenly and abruptly the drama closes! We wonder at what is left unwritten.

What becomes of the elder brother? We admire that young man's sturdy character. But he is just, not generous; honest, but not merciful; he would rather see a brother die than forgive a brother's fault. Does he yield to the father's pleading?

Does that Father's speech of sweet reasoning and eloquent persuasiveness which recognizes the elder son's claim and heritage, bring love and forgiveness? We wish it might! But it is a world's question—"Does my brother forgive?"

"Son, thou art ever with me and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad for this thy brother was dead and is alive again."

VII.

PRAYER AS AN ASSET

"Pray for them that despitefully use you."—
Matthew 5:44.

"Pray for them that have done scath to us."—
Richard 3, 1:3.

Men do not generally go to Shakspeare for religious thought. They think that it is a subject outside the realm of the drama. Yet, if asked for the best expression of what prayer is, outside of the Bible, we may quote this from Hamlet:

"My words fly up, my thoughts remain below
Words without thoughts never to Heaven go." 3:3.

Or, if the question were, why are prayers not answered? We might give this from another play:

"We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers."—Anthony and Cleo. 2:1.

PRAYER AS AN ASSET

As to the value of prayer we have this:

“Not with fond shekels of tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there.”

—Measure for Measure. 2:2.

There are no less than thirty-two passages on prayer, in nineteen different plays of Shakspeare.

Material philosophy takes issue with prayer as an available asset. And it must be admitted that it is not a subject to be established by the rules of logic. We cannot prove to the prayerless man that prayer is of value. The reason for this is not far to seek. Men who deny the spiritual cannot enter into its mysteries. It is as impossible to prove to a skeptic that prayer is vital, as it would be to prove that color is real to a blind man who disputes it. There is no common ground for discussion between the two parties; one of us stands upon ground, the very existence of which is unknown, and denied by the other.

But the evidence of prayer-value is just as clear as the evidence of color. The man of sight knows color, although he may know nothing of the laws that govern it. The man of God knows prayer, although he may not know why.

PRAYER AS AN ASSET

Victor Hugo said: "One can no more pray too much than love too much." The human soul is instinct with prayer, in the moment of danger, in the hour of supreme interest, in the extremes of helplessness. Without prayer there would be no Christian world. All great crises in Christian history, all its great discoveries and all its movements of progress and law have been sealed by prayer, and every great disaster is attended with instinctive prayer, compelling prayer even of the prayerless.

Shakspeare gives utterance to the human sense of need when he makes one cry in his extremity:

"Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice.
And lift my soul to heaven."

The scriptural injunction to prayer is never so lofty as when it calls us to pray for our enemies: for prayer involves an expression of our whole selves for the object in view. He who prays for another would, if he could, do for that other what he asks God to do. No prayer can reach heaven which does not come from the heart of the man who prays, carrying with it conviction, desire, purpose, love, all of which means that he will answer his own prayer if he can.

Then—it is an available asset.

VIII.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."—I. Cor. 1:27. Matthew 11:25.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."—Psalms 8:2.

"He that of the greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown."
All's Well. 2:1.

One of the many paradoxes of the Scriptures is that strength comes of weakness. "When I am weak, then am I strong."

She was the child of a peasant laborer, who spent her years in "spinning and sewing by her mother's side, tender to the poor and the sick, fond of the church and the church bells." At the age of eighteen, she roused an army to enthusiasm and turned the fortunes of war in favor of her beloved France. The "mighty" were confounded. The King and his ministers were "wholly under the spell of terror which the besieg-

BABES AND SUCKLINGS

ers had cast over France.”* But the spell was broken by this girl who led ten thousand men to battle and to victory. Greater, even than her victory against the invading forces, was the personal influence of Joan of Arc over the men of the army; “they left off their oaths and foul living at her word, and gathered at the altars on their march.”*

One such fact from history furnishes a better commentary than a volume of philosophy and yet this is but one of many. We have read of young Joseph in a royal court; of Esther overthrowing the conspiracy of the powerful Haman; of young David against a boasting giant and a jealous king; of Daniel, in his simplicity, ignoring the imperious orders of an eastern monarch; and, greater than all, of the child Jesus in the midst of the Rabbis. And modern history tells of the triumphs of women whose weakness was stronger than men.

The second text is confirmed by daily experience in every social grade among men and women. The child-voice is the music of the home. The virgin innocence of childhood is one of the strongest forces of moral protection. The very presence of “babes and sucklings” is often the surest guardian of peace and safety. The plea of the young

*Green's History of England.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS

child is ever the most powerful in the midst of civil strife; no voice cries so loudly, or pleads so eloquently for peace.

The child is the hope of the world. And this hope is not appraised by the cost of its cradle. Moses, from a cradle of rushes daubed with pitch, was the pledge of a nation's freedom, and of laws upon which the greatest governments of the world have been built.

In the midst of a fire which has already enveloped the farm-house in flames, the mother-cry is for the baby-boy John. A curly head appears at the chamber window and a ladder of human bodies quickly provides a way to deliver John Wesley—the founder of Methodism.

The cradle of Abraham Lincoln was as humble as that of Moses, and we know that the majesty of the man and the greatness of the President who led this nation to union and freedom did not obtain from the luxury of wealth or the "things that are mighty."

"O, Child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city!
Here at the portal thou dost stand
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land."

IX.

MEN, BIRDS, AND TRAMPS

"Not one of them (sparrows) is forgotten before God."—Luke 12:6.

"Behold the fowls of the air; * * * your heavenly Father feedeth them."—Matthew 6:26.

"There's a special providence in the fall of the sparrow."—Hamlet 5:2.

"He that doth the ravens feed, Yea providently caters for the sparrow."—As You Like It. 2:3.

Whether we take the Poet's version of the texts or that of the Bible—from whence he took them—there is not a hint of any special providence for him who will not work. On the contrary, the figure used is of activity and industry: "Sparrows," "fowls of the air," "ravens." These all are busy workers, every day; from early dawn to sundown, seeking food to sustain them and toiling for their home-building.

The Providence that cares for men,—even more than for the birds, because they are of "more value"—is the ever-working order of God's laws in nature, the universal bounty—

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seed-time and harvest—the sum-total of life's many forces, bringing forth corn and fruit, bread and water, for every child of man.

Luke gives a yet finer touch to this picture of Providence; God's thoughtfulness—"not one is forgotten." It is great and good to *provide for all*, it is greater and better to *think of all*;—working out the good of each and of all, even in the fall of one. *Not one forgotten!* In the vastness of the universal claims, in the multitude of dependants, *not forgotten*. Though a prodigal, or a rebel, absent but not forgotten! Remembered, when the festive board at home is crowned with good things. To be remembered is to be enriched.

Providence is not bountifulness paying a debt, but graciousness in gifts, to whom it owes nothing. It is giving—not paying. The lazy man cries, "The world owes me a living." He is a liar and at heart a thief. The world owes no man anything. Things are working together for us at life's beginning. We inherit all that has gone before; all art, all science, all poetry, all history, and all human experience. He is a very contemptible man who, coming into possessions, never attempts to augment or distribute them. He is a perversion of Providence. Whether he

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has money or not, he is a pauper, eating that he does not earn. The lazy man is a dishonest man, in the very core of him a vagabond.

The world shares in the ministries of God's providence when it cares for those who cannot work. But those who will not work have no claim on Providence, nor on the world. That is a divine order. No man can win who won't work. They who inherit wealth—of money or genius—have not won. They may have the sense of possession—not the joy of winning, unless they work their possessions as talents in the service of humanity and God.

“What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.”

—Hamlet 4:4.

All the world and all nature call to the worker. To him, and to him alone, is due the reward of toil, and although it is true that men have conspired against men, it is also true that every worker has a reward in honest toil. Like the shepherd of Shakspeare's poetry: “I am a true laborer, I can earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm.”

But is not Providence a mystery? Surely

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yes! The Book—that wondrous Word—the Book of books does not make light of the profound mystery of human sorrow. The Book is full of it. Job is the drama of it. The Psalms are attuned to it. The promises are given for it. And yet all God's Providence is summed up in that one mysterious, golden sentence:—"The very hairs of your head are numbered."

"If not a sparrow fall, unless
The Father sees and knows it,
Think! recks He less His form express,
The soul His own deposit?
If only dear to Him the strong,
That never trip or wander,
Where were the throng whose morning song
Thrills His blue arches yonder?"

—Lowell.

X.

DOING GOOD TO THE ENEMY

"Do good to them that hate you."—Matthew 5:44.

"Overcome evil with good."—Romans 12:21.

"Cherish those hearts that hate thee."—Henry 8:3-2.

"With a piece of Scripture tell them God bids us do good for evil."—Richard 3:1-3.

Can I keep this law and live among men?
Is it possible to be a self-respecting citizen
and allow my enemy to walk over me?

It is forgotten that the spirit of tolerance and forbearance is consistent with the most dignified attitude, which is also the surest security against indignities and abuses.

The Artist's conception of Jesus is the loftiest and most self-protecting human figure in all the galleries of the world of art. The Roman soldier, encased in steel armor, and bearing weapons of war and authority, is a more militant and dreaded figure, but the Christ portrait commands incomparably greater respect and security. We do not read that Jesus was ever once assaulted by any man, apart from a mob. Even the law

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officers went back to the magistrates without him; they could not arrest him for "never man spake like this man." And that inexpressible something, possible to all men in greater or lesser degree, which reflects the spirit of good-will and gentleness is the surest protection to all.

The man who is kind in spirit and conciliatory in manner is safer from ordinary danger than an armed bully. The man who carries firearms says: "I will kill my enemy," and in flourishing his revolver, brags his ability to use it, endangers his own life and that of others. A woman or a child who is absolutely innocent of the use of firearms is safer than the man who is a marksman and who carries a revolver.

We have witnessed the spectacle of two women and a babe, imprisoned for months, at the mercy of a band of lawless Turkish ruffians; yet passing through their hands unscathed and free from assault.

Christ does not forbid an appeal to law. Although he never applied to it for self-defense, yet he respected and honored it; "Render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's." Christ approved the law, but he sharply contrasted the spirit of His followers with that of the world by setting up a higher standard. He said: "Ye have heard

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that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

This is the imperial standard. To "do good to them that hate" us is so lofty an act that it puts the divine seal upon him who does it. To "overcome evil with good" is the only thing that can suppress evil. To meet evil with evil is to double its volume and increase its force.

It is in supreme moments that the real test of character appears. When President McKinley was struck to death his first thought was of pity and kindness towards his assassin. Forgetting his own agony, he exclaimed: "Let no one hurt him." That was the crowning utterance of McKinley's life. It struck a note so high that no angel ever reached higher. Its power was instantly felt; angry men unfolded their clenched fists and turned with mute admiration towards the man who, in a moment of supreme trial, was first considerate for his murderer. It resounded throughout the nation and its echoes reached the uttermost parts of the earth. No act of all the martyred President's life has projected so great an influence upon the world. No word he ever uttered is so valuable as an asset for time and immortality.

XI.

JUSTICE AND JUDGMENT

"Let me be weighed in an even balance."—Job 31:6.

"To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice."—Prov. 21:3.

"Justice always whirls in equal measure."—Love's Labor Lost. 4:3.

"Heaven is above all yet: there sits a judge that no king can corrupt."—Henry 8, 3:1.

That "justice whirls in equal measure" may be claimed as a motto of Shakspeare's dramas.

"Measure for Measure," as a play, admirably works out the great principle of sacrificial atonement on the one hand, and absolute, undeviating justice, on the other. And this principle of justice in the moral government of God is recognized throughout all the Poet's works. It is, as the web of the cloth which he weaves from his loom, whatever may be the pattern of the garment. He never fails to bring sin to judgment.*

*It may be said that the play of Henry VIII is an exception to this rule, but this is easily explained. See "Bible in Shakspeare."

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The balances of justice are always equal in his hands.

In fact, the vital quality, the perennial life and power, the ever-growing influence of Shakspeare, lies, not in the grandeur of his poetry, or in his surpassing dramatic skill. That which is greatest in him has been overlooked, or at least, only slightly recognized, viz.: his comprehensive view and presentation of the ethical order of the world. Although he never wrote a religious play, in the sense that religion is the theme, yet he never wrote an irreligious one, or one that is inconsistent with the fundamental laws of the Christian Religion. All his greater works are distinctly religious in tone and teaching and are in harmony with the commonly accepted doctrines of the Bible.

The Poet treats sin as sin, not as an amiable weakness. He pleads for mercy as an attribute of God and man. He is true to the law of repentance and forgiveness, and never glozes over the faults of men, or makes them appear other than they are. He is the true dramatist who makes his characters draw their own moral portraits. In doing this he introduces us to language that is not always polite, judged by present-day standards. But it is only thus that we know his characters and we find

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them always impelled by the law that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Falstaff does not end his life in pleasurable success. Richard Third and Macbeth do not die on beds of down, surrounded by the comfort and love of friends. Iago falls into the clutches of a terrible Nemesis. Consistently and uniformly, Shakspeare shows society—whether in church, or state, or family, to be redeemed through the sacrifice of good men and women, and by means of the overthrow of evil.

He "holds the mirror up to nature" and "looks through Nature up to Nature's God."

The Poet makes the truth startling and real.

"If these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God."—Henry 5, 4:1.

God no more deals out injustice in the treatment of men than He suspends the law of gravitation. He works by law, and the great dramatist is true to that thought. Our Criminal Courts may fail to bring to justice the tax-thief; our Government may be unequal in the administration of law between the rich and the poor; human law does not

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always bring the murderer to the scaffold or wring restitution from the oppressor. But in God's government "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

While they dwelt within the royal courts of Scotland, men only saw Macbeth and the Lady Macbeth in their seeming prosperity and happiness; but the dramatist has shown us the working of their consciences, as, in the secret of their chamber, they cry out:

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red."—Macbeth, 2:2.

"What, will these hands ne'er be clean?
Here's the smell of blood still: all the
Perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand."—5:1.

XII.

MONEY AND CHARACTER

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."—Matthew 19:24.

"It is as hard to come as for a camel to thread through the postern of a needle's eye."—Richard 2, 5:5.

Shakspeare correctly interprets this striking sentence in Matthew's Gospel. The figure employed is—not the eye of a sewing needle—but the "postern" or gate of the small entrance to ancient cities known as the "Needle's Eye."

The difficulty—not the impossibility—of the rich man entering the Kingdom is—that he puts his trust in his wealth.

* * * * *

In human society, as in the clock, which tells the time of day, the swing of the pendulum is ever moving, from one extreme to the other, while the truth registered upon the face, is midway of those extremes.

Many good men, observing the evils which attend the greed for wealth, earnestly advo-

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cate the abolition of all property. Again and again, in the progress of Christian civilization, the pendulum has been swung to this extreme.

"To be rich is to be a thief" was the sentiment, if not the language, of Chrysostom. Ambrose and Augustine denounced property. Ambrose said: "The first man who, having fenced off a piece of ground, could think of saying, 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, murders, miseries and horrors, would have been spared to the human race by one who, plucking up the stakes, or filling in the trenches, should have called out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this imposter; you are undone if you forget that the earth belongs to no one and that its fruits are for all.'"

There are many apostles of this doctrine. "No saint can own his own farm," exclaimed a popular lecturer, who afterwards violated domestic virtue and public morality to obtain wealth.

The Communism that followed Pentecost was attended by the lying and hypocrisy of Ananias and Sapphira and the speedy disaffection and pauperism of the church at Jerusalem. "Mine" and "thine" are not words to be employed only by a robber.

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Every animal pre-empted his home and every bird his nesting place.

Jesus paid respect to property and took shelter in the homes of well-to-do citizens. Only to one man is it recorded that he said: "Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor," and that man was not a Christian; he loved wealth too keenly to become a follower of Christ.

Moreover, Jesus recognized the fact that his own life was singular. He was unlike other men, in that he had no possessions. He sacrificed the most endearing rights of home, the pleasure of ownership, the domestic joys of wife and children. "Foxes have holes," he said, "and birds have nests,"—recognizing the natural order and rightness of these things.

But the meaning and message of the text is none the less urgent. After all, possessions are not character and only character lives. In the final summing up, it is not what we have, but what we are, and what we give, that is the measure of our values. It is hard indeed for a man to concentrate his whole soul upon getting gold and yet to enter the Kingdom of God.

It is worth while to subordinate the desire for things material that we may gain the greater and abiding value of character.

XIII.

THE WAY OF THE FOOL

“The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth to counsel is wise.”—Prov. 12:15.

“The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows he is a fool.”—As You Like It. 5:1.

Shakspeare's fools are not all of a kind. There is the professional, or court fool, often called a “clown,” who makes himself appear foolish for the amusement of others; he must be “wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well craves a kind of wit.” But the fool of the text is the foolish man who “is right in his own eyes,” who “thinks he is wise;”—the conceited, self-satisfied man, who “knows it all,” the man who has nothing to arbitrate, but has all the wisdom of the world centered in his poor little pate.

This conceit is manifested in various ways. Sometimes it is loud-mouthed, pompous, overbearing; the modest man has to sit and listen to its boastings, without answer, or like the pilgrim of Bunyan, “put his fingers in his ears and run.” Again, it assumes an air of importance; it speaks with

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a patronizing air, and is much too lofty to "condescend to men of low estate." At other times it assumes the air of modest superiority, as if to say, "I am the wise man, the man of intellect, of study, of calm scientific thinking, and I am wise enough to announce that mankind really knows nothing."

But why should the agnostic be counted wise? Wisdom does not bury its head, like an ostrich, in the sand and cry, "I don't know." Wisdom says, "I ought to know." It does not say, "I do not know that man has a soul and therefore I will live and die like a dog." It seeks counsel, it harkens to the inner voices of the spirit, and takes knowledge of all truth.

Agnosticism must never be mistaken for humility. Humility is ready to sit at the feet of wisdom and learn. It is eager for light and cries aloud, "Lord, how wilt thou manifest thyself unto us?"

As Cowper says, "Wisdom is humble that it knows no more," and that greatest of all natural philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, said:

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

XIV.

THE WAY OF WISDOM

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets:—Proverbs 1:20.

Wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.—I. Henry 4, 1:2.

Falstaff is the embodiment of unwisdom. Endowed with more than ordinary social advantages, and not without ability and talent, he gives himself over to the gratification of the sensuous and the sensual. He does his utmost to corrupt others and his jovial, roisterous nature makes him especially dangerous to young men. He seeks the company of the young Prince Henry, whom he influences for evil, and he tells him:

“An old lord of the council rated me, the other day, in the street about you, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely,”

To which the prince replies: “Thou didst well: for wisdom crieth out in the streets and no man regards it.”

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Falstaff knew that the "old lord talked wisely" and the young prince had observed how wisdom is scorned. How strange that men should know the voice of wisdom and yet regard it not! But this is true of all best things; they are despised and rejected. Offered "without money and without price," the multitude pass them by, or openly pour contempt upon them. This is the history of every great good that has ever come to man—it is despised—and its teachers and pioneers are rejected and martyred.

In the Book of Proverbs, Wisdom is personified and her voice is heard in the high-ways of the world. She is an evangelist, a missionary, a prophet, and a preacher. She stands with outstretched arms, her hands filled with the richest gifts towards all men.

Jesus Christ was a street preacher; not exclusively so, but he taught by the wayside, from the fisherman's boat at the lake shore, in the great city, and in the village streets.

But wisdom can do no more than give itself. Yet it speaks again; "I love them that love me and they that seek me early shall find me." But it will not be forced upon any man.

This is true of all treasure. The best things are universal things, available to those

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who seek them. Who that does not seek them know the pearls of the great universal poets? Who that does not "search the Scriptures" can know them? Who can know the Bible by its cover?

Wisdom is not like the rain that falleth equally upon just and unjust. She comes only to him who seeks her and all "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

"There is an evil spirit whose dominion is in blindness and cowardice, as the dominion of the spirit of wisdom is in clear sight and in courage."

—Ruskin.

XV.

THE WAY OF THE TRAITOR

"He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. * * * And forthwith he came to Jesus and said, 'Hail, Master!' and kissed him."—Matthew 26:23, 49.

"They cry all hail! to me. So Judas did to Christ, but he, in twelve found truth in all but one."—Richard 2, 4:1.

"So Judas kissed his Master and cried all hail!"—III Henry 6, 5:7.

"His kisses are Judas' own children."—As You Like It, 3:4.

"Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas."—Richard 2, 3:2.

"A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas."—Love's Labor, 5:2.

Shakspeare perceived the force of Bible incidents to express thought and portray character. Seven times, in six different plays, he refers to the crime of Cain which marked the murderer's brow unto his death, and with even greater frequency he quotes Judas as the typical traitor. He pours con-

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tempt on his very name, repeating it with scorn, associating it always with deeds of treachery and traitor's kisses.

Of all sins, is there one so black and dastardly as that of the traitor? He who has been welcomed to the bosom of the family; who has shared the secrets of his friend; who "dips with him in the dish," employs these sacred and intimate fellowships as instruments of betrayal! For such a man there is no place of repentance and the world offers him no refuge.

Benedict Arnold was an unforgiven outcast, his brilliant services, in earlier life, not balancing against base traitorship. Aaron Burr, once Vice President of the United States, could find no place in the land for his feet. He wandered in poverty in a foreign land, and returning to his own country died in obscurity. Piggott, who betrayed the secrets entrusted to him by the Irish people, committed suicide in a foreign land.

"If ever I were a traitor
My name be blotted from the book of life
And I from heaven be banished."

—Richard 2, 1:3.

In all his great album of human portraits our Poet has drawn none so irredeemably black and vile as Iago, the confidential at-

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tendant of Othello, the adviser of the weak Roderigo, the friends of Cassio;—he betrays them all, and works the death of two of them, and also of Desdemona. He is the evil spirit, the devil incarnate of the tragedy.

For Judas, the prince of traitors, there is no room for pity. He deliberately plotted the crime of crimes for a price. "He went unto the chief priests and said, what will ye give me and I will deliver him unto you?"

And then "he sought opportunity to betray him in the absence of the multitude." That was a master stroke of the infamous and cowardly deed—to deliver Jesus to his enemies in the absence of the friendly people. So, for thirty pieces of silver, Judas sold his Master and Lord; for thirty pieces of silver, they bought the soul of Judas.

What scheming and plotting and weighing chances are involved in those two words, "sought opportunity." The Psalmist says, "They that lay wait for my soul take counsel together." Luke tells us that Judas "communed with the chief priests and captains how he might betray him." Think of one of his own disciples, weighing all the probabilities of the Master's movements with a view to His betrayal! At what hour will He rise? Where and when will He pray? How early in the morning will He be in the garden,

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that we may arrest him before the people are astir?

What a night of conflict in the heart of Judas! What battles with his better self! "*Down, down, conscience!* I have made the contract; they have paid me the money; it is too late to withdraw; I'm in honor bound to do the deed!" Thus men have ever reasoned of "honor among thieves!"

Thank God, it is not true that "every man has his price." There is more than enough of sin in us all, it is true, but there are men and women who cannot be bought. They can suffer, they can die, they can live in poverty and obscurity, but they cannot betray a trust. It is inspiring to think of a man—to know that there are men whose honor cannot be purchased at any price.

There are yet left in the councils of the Nation and State, men who are above price. In the pulpit, in College and School, in Business, and even in Politics, there are Prophets who cannot be defiled—Citizens who cannot be purchased. These are they who save the Nation and the City from moral bankruptcy.

The one redeeming feature about Judas was that his crime broke his heart and he went and hanged himself.

The price is "thirty pieces of silver"—more or less—but the way of the traitor is hard.

XVI.

THE WAY OF DARKNESS

“Men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil.”—John 3:19.

“ * * * Wisdom sees those men,
Blush not in actions black as night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.”
—Pericles 1:1.

Light and lust are deadly enemies.—Lucrece.
Stanza 97.

Darkness and sin! The words are synonymous. No one calls in question the fitness of the figure. Darkness is night, darkness is ignorance, darkness is death.

In the great city of London, the writer once encountered one of those dense, black fogs which are not frequent, even in that city of fogs and smoke. A thick black pall lay over the whole city. The sun was not visible; at mid-day it was darker than a winter's midnight, a darkness that one could feel. With the day-time supply of gas, the lights were small and dim; business was suspended. The few cabmen, who had the

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courage to face it, led their horses by one hand and carried a torch in the other. Entering, about the noon hour an underground railway train, we soon emerged from the tunnel into the open of a suburban village station. The transformation was indescribable. From the deep gloom through which we had, step by step, to feel our way; to the glorious sunlight, reflecting the glittering hoar-frost upon every branch and leaf, like millions of diamonds. Never did day seem so bright, or light so grateful.

But "men love darkness rather than light." We cannot credit it! Men never love darkness for itself. All law avoids it, all order detests it, all beauty is hidden by it, all life shrinks from it; all civilization, all science, and all education, are at constant war with it.

But when the text is completed its meaning is clear;—"because their deeds are evil." "Deeds of darkness" they are called, which are full of sin, and blight, and curse; deeds that wither, and scorch, and kill, that make night hideous, and bring sorrow, and pain, and death in their trail.

"Light and lust are deadly enemies," says Shakspeare. This is the remedy for the great evils of our cities. Let there be light. Drive out the night-owls by pouring in the

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light. Let there be no congestion of a criminal class, no possible schools of vice, hidden under folds of darkness and obscured by secret passages, and unknown ways. The sheriff and police need no other signals for action, than the plots of secret passages and dark doings.

"When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen."
Richard II. 3:2.

Here is the young man's danger signal. The very suggestion of a pleasure, or a profit that cannot face the light is a warning. A book that is offered under sealed cover, a picture that is hidden, a door that can only be entered by secret introduction, an evening's amusement with hints of mysterious pleasure; these are the ways of men who "blush not in actions black as night."

Young men and women talk of "seeing life," or of having "a good time." And they think to find it at the dance, which begins at midnight and ends after the sun has risen. They feast on viands flavored and spiced to cheat the appetite, they drink to the border of drunkenness and often fall into its darkness. They "enjoy life" so much, that before they reach the years of mid-life, their di-

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gestive organs are impaired, their nerves are shattered and unstrung, and they wonder what is the matter. Then follows a harvest for patent medicine vendors and quack doctors, and the riper years of life are full of pain and darkness. What of the eternal future? Is that dark also? "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

"Sight is an absolutely spiritual phenomenon; accurately, and only, to be so defined: and the 'Let there be light', is as much, when you understand it, the ordering of intelligence, as the ordering of vision."—Ruskin.

XVII.

THE WAY THAT IS NARROW

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life."—Matt. 7:14.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—Luke 13:24.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."—Hebrews 2:3.

"I am for the house with the narrow gate."—All's Well, 4:5.

"The means that Heaven yields must be embraced and not neglected."—Richard II., 3:2.

The Scripture does not mean that the way of life is by a contracted gate, a way—small and limited. The way of life is broad and large. The space, so to speak, is wide enough for all mankind. All heaven is open to all men. There stands no sentinel at the door to deny any man an entrance. Its invitations and welcomes are all heralded with "WHO-SOEVER." And God's "whosoEVERs" are like himself, gracious, infinite, all-comprehensive.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

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Nor is the Gospel a way of obscurity like the ivy-covered gates of some old-world castles:

“For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man’s mind
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.”

But the way of life is an up-grade, while the way of death is downward. The way up is by effort; the way down is easy, easier for the absence of effort. Energy, effort, purpose, are necessary to life and good.

These conditions prevail in every kingdom of life. A live fish will swim against the tide, and only a living one can. A locomotive engine needs no steam to run the down grade; let go the brakes and it will quickly attain velocity, and the terminus is—death. But it requires power to make the way up and the terminus is—life.

Loss and weakness are related to neglect, as cause and effect. Bankruptcy comes to the farmer or the merchant, without ruthless waste, or violent destruction. Neglect your plants and flowers and they die, more surely than if cut down at the roots. Your own right arm will suffer paralysis, if it remains long unused.

In every kingdom of intellect this law

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holds good. Neglect will discredit the grandest opportunities of school or college. No Musician, or Artist, or Poet, or Workman achieves without effort.

As citizens of the United States we are warned that we lose the very life and expression of our citizenship if we neglect to register, and to vote. Thousands do neglect, and they are as certainly disfranchised as criminals in our jails.

So men lose their citizenship in the kingdom of heaven, more often by neglect than by open rebellion, or by active wrong-doing. The Book of Life is made known, but men every day neglect, and—*the soul is lost.*



XVIII.

THE LAW OF LIBERTY

"Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty and continueth therein, he being a doer of the work; this man shall be blessed in his deed."—James, 1:25.

"Shew, yourselves men: 'tis for liberty."—II. Henry 6:4:2.

Liberty is power in space. It is room to be—room to do. In one sense, it is "doing as I have a mind to." But liberty is not space only; it is also power to be, and to do.

In "As You Like It," Shakspeare has drawn a picture of one who had a mind to do as he liked:—

"I must have liberty withal
As large a charter as the wind
To blow on whom I please."

An Eagle boasted his liberty to do "as he had a mind to." He had a mind to come down from the mountains, and dwell in the woods. When called upon by his neighbor eagles to mount and share the greater liberties of the skies and shelter in the rocky

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palaces of mountain heights, this eagle screamed of his right to fly wheresoever he choose; and so, after they had exhorted him in vain, his companions spread their great wings towards the peaks, and revelled in their native freedom, while he who boasted his liberty to "do as he had a mind to," remained in the woods, and became the consort of the hawk and the crow and other meaner birds. By and by, he saw some of his own race sweeping through space, and thinking how grand they looked, he desired to join them. But when he essayed to fly upward, he found that his wings refused to carry him to the old heights and he could not reach a peak of the mountain. The dwarfed eagle remained a poor, defeated, crushed bird,—the companion of creatures of inferior order.

* * * * *

The liberty of discipline is the great need of society. Lawlessness runs riot over justice; the mob revenges crime by committing worse crime. "License, they mean when they cry liberty," said John Milton.

The saloon-power claims license as a right, and then breaks every clause in the contract. The Stage, the Sports, the Press, and Commerce—all at times ride roughshod over law. Ordinances are treated with contempt and

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the glorious freedom of Sunday rest is passing away. Children run riot over school authorities, and parental control is almost abrogated.

Discipline, order, obedience, decorum, self-restraint, reverence for age, authority, and God, are disregarded. No matter our great space, no matter our freedom from checks or limitations, we are free only as the Truth makes us free.

The price of liberty is to continue therein. He who would BE must DO. Even our physical pleasures are limited by the measure of our doing. The tennis-court in summer-time and the smooth ice of the broad river in winter, look temptingly inviting to all youth, but which of them can enjoy the liberties of tennis or skating until they first learn how?

Man without the liberty of law is not man. He has wings for infinite space. He may hold fellowship with the stars, walk among the planets, and talk with God. In all these things he is blessed if he looks into the "perfect law and continueth therein." This is the restraint that qualifies liberty.

Every man is free to remain down among the crows and to feast upon the carrion. But he who would possess himself of his privileges must rise to the heights of man-

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hood; he will acquaint himself with men of large heart and noble aspirations; he will hold communion with God.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."



XIX.

THE VALUE OF TIME

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps. 90:9.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."—Job 7:16.

"Life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury—signifying nothing!"—Macb. 5:5.

"Life is a shuttle."—Merry Wives 5:1.

"Swifter than a weaver's shuttle!" our days pass away and are gone—irredeemably gone! "Redeeming the time" is redeeming the present hour. We cannot bank time and receive back, either principal, or interest; we can only bank deeds,—life's doings!

"We believe in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs."

Many people who are very careful of money are prodigal of time. Yet time is more than money. It is opportunity, character, life! The poet Young says, "Time is eternity." At least it is our measurement

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of eternity. To live for a day is to live twenty-four hours of eternity.

“The time of life is short,
To spend that shortness basely were too long.”

What is a day worth? Its value is greater than that of the rarest gem,—more precious than the purest diamond,—worth more than a world of wealth.

There is a story of a richly dressed lady in a great city who drew off her glove, and raked with her white hand, through the filth of the gutter to find a jewel she had dropped. The lost jewel may be recovered but no one ever recovered a lost hour, whether it were dropped in the gutter of city vices, lost in fashion's revelry, or wasted in idleness. A lost day is lost forever.

“Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.”

XX.

CALVARY—GOLGOTHA

"The place called Golgotha."—Matt. 27:33; Mark 15:22; John 19:17.

"The place which is called Calvary."—Luke 24:33.

"Memorize another Golgotha."—Macbeth 1:2.

" * * * the field of Golgotha
And dead men's skulls."—Richard 2, 4:1.

It is significant that Shakspeare twice refers to Golgotha, using the word as a synonym for a scene of blood, a place of the most dreadful and awful memories. In *Macbeth*, a soldier tells the story of a direful battle which culminates in such bloodshed and carnage that it seemed—

" * * * they meant to bathe in reeking wounds
Or memorize another Golgotha."

In Richard II. the bishop of Carlisle says:—

"Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesus Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
* * * and there at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul to his captain Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long."

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The Bishop follows this with a protest against a traitorous plot against the king, and says:

“Let me prophesy, * * *
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call’d
The field of Golgotha, and dead men’s skulls.”

Shakspeare speaks the popular conception of Golgotha, as a place of skulls. Matthew explains it as “a place of a skull” which we understand to be a rock, shaped somewhat like a human skull. John says it “is called in the Hebrew, Golgotha,” while Luke refers to it as “a place which is called Calvary.”

It is clear that, while the proper name of the place, according to the Hebrew, was Golgotha, Luke, who was the most historically and incidentally accurate of the gospel writers, had good reason for stating that the place was also called by the Latin name, Calvary.

Mark the different emotions which emanate from these two words. “Golgotha” presents a mental picture of overwhelming bloodguiltiness, with all the infamy and horror of the world-concerned crime enacted there. “Calvary” brings us the thought of Jesus as a redeemer. We never joy or sing of Golgotha, but our hymns are full of Cal-

CALVARY—GOLGOTHA

vary and our gospel message, all the world over, is inspired by it.

“Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary.
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky.”

Joseph Parker said: “We have never seen Christ until we have seen him in Calvary!” Every preacher of the gospel finds his greatest inspiration in Calvary and the Cross. But no one ever thinks of preaching the gospel of Golgotha.

Does the difference in these two words rest in the thought that Golgotha stands, in the minds of men, for the guilt and crime of man, while Calvary stands for the divine love and sacrifice of Jesus, in giving his life for man?

Let it be so! Let Golgotha proclaim my guilt and condemn my sins! Let Calvary speak in terms of divine love for my redemption and my salvation!

There is a message of Golgotha and there is a message of Calvary. We delight in the latter; perhaps we have neglected the former.

“In those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago were nail’d
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

—I. Hen. 4, 1:1.

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